

# The Mirror

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1912.

PRICE 5 CENTS

## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

### TOO BUSY TO ENJOY LIFE

Too busy to talk to the friend who calls,  
Too busy to hear what he has to say,  
Too busy still when the night time falls  
To spend a while with his boys at play.

Too busy to eat in a decent place,  
Too busy to sleep a night time through,  
Never pause in the driving race,  
Work is all he has time to do.

Too busy to smile, too busy to sing,  
Too busy to read or see a show,  
Too busy to love! What a dreadful thing  
It is to put in a lifetime so!

Too busy to dream on a summer day,  
Too busy to stroll down a shady lane,  
Too busy a cheerful word to say,  
Holding that all but work is vain.

Too busy to share in the joys of earth,  
What is the sense of it anyhow?  
Putting off everything here of worth,  
Instead of living a full life now.

What is a dollar more or less,  
A step behind or one ahead?  
Live as you go, for the thing success  
Means nothing the moment that you are dead.

I believe that no local paper has published, or for that matter referred to, the very abject apology published by Mr. Bob Edwards, editor of the Calgary Eye-Opener, and addressed to Mr. E. P. Davis, of Vancouver, following an action by that gentleman for criminal libel.

The letter appeared in The Vancouver Sun and is as follows:

"E. P. Davis, Esq., K.C., Calgary.  
"Sir—I beg to offer you my sincerest apology for a vile attack on you which appeared in the Calgary Eye-Opener (of which I am publisher) under date of Aug. 9, 1912, for the publication of which I was yesterday committed for trial on a charge of criminal libel. There was not a particle of foundation in fact for that attack and I never believed there was. Neither has there been any foundation in fact for the various other attacks on you which have appeared in the same paper during the last four years.

I have never known you personally and never have had any dealings with you and my sole motive for these attacks was that I thought you had criticized me and my paper too severely in an address you made to a jury some four years ago.

"I promise not to mention your name again or to refer to you in any way, directly or indirectly, in any future number of the Calgary Eye-Opener or any other paper that may be published by me.

I authorize you to publish this apology in any way you may think fit.  
"Yours truly,  
"R. C. EDWARDS."

Witnesses, P. J. Nolan, barrister; James Short, barrister.

The charge on which Mr. Edwards has been committed is one of criminal libel and must go to trial in spite of the above apology until the attorney-general of Alberta gives his consent to its withdrawal.

I have no bone to pick with Mr. Edwards. I know that his paper has probably the biggest circulation of any in Alberta.

I have heard him quoted ever since I came West, as an example of the successful newspaper publisher, who has made money by reason of simply speaking his plain mind.

I have heard him held up as a model of cleverness, and nerve, such as the rest of us might do well to emulate.

I have heard "the rest of us" reviled, because we were afraid to come out with the same straight line of talk, handed out by him, in his Eye-Brow Raiser. I have listened while men, who should have known better, have laughed at his ribaldry, and commended his cheap wit.

And I have gone quietly away and pondered if there was any use in trying to run a clean sheet, in sticking to what was accurate, when apparently this man succeeded, because he made people afraid of him, truckled to their lowest instincts, and furnished them with the spectacle of a man who would pass muster and still get the privileges of His Majesty's Mail.

You have all been afraid of him.  
You have all read his paper.  
You wondered who he'd slander next.

He challenged the five cents in your pocket-book. He was a laugh. He was a knowing wink. He was the secret vice of many a man who carried a great big Bible.

You read him at your club, because you were afraid your wife might get his paper.  
He was the best street-seller here from Winnipeg.

And yet you knew he lied.  
You knew he garbled facts.

You knew that men hesitated to prosecute him, because they didn't want the notoriety, for their families, that fighting him would inevitably bring about. You knew he traded on this.

But by your buying of his paper you encouraged him.

Bob Edwards knew, none better, that he was giving you what you really wanted to read.

How did he know? He was a knowing wink. He was the secret vice of many a man who carried a great big Bible.

Because he is the outspoken example of what he knows is a wide-spread, if secret, cult.

You fear at, or apologize for, but read him. That's all he wants.

And yet he could have been such a power!

That subverted cleverness properly applied; that instinct for news, diverted along legitimate channels; that ready pen clipped in the ink-well of Fair-dealing, Truth, and Justice; do you not see the Righteous Cause he could have been, in place of the acknowledged liar he was!

May the day be far distant when any other editor in the West will have to publish another such servile apology.

I have tried in this journal of mine to speak out what I thought required plain speaking about.

I have not hesitated, nor will I hesitate, to attack vice and graft wherever I find it, but at the same time I hope to keep before my eyes the fact that Justice and Truth need no Lying Brethren to help them out.

I would sooner be a Mirror any day in the week, fit company for old or young, than an "Oh Shocking but Clever" Journal, tucked far back in a gentleman's inside pocket.

I was talking with a leading supporter of the Sifton government the other day and the conversation came around to the rumors that have been afloat about an early general election.

"If it does come," I said, "your party will have a hard time getting back into power."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, "I'm willing to put my money up here and now that we'll win. We have an awful lot to brag about in our record since 1900, and I know that our leaders are always knifing one another. But look at the bunch that

ing but a desire to get hold of the places occupied by Mr. Sifton and his colleagues. It lacks life and vigor. It had a man, or better still two, or three men, who were capable of following along the lines that Mr. Bennett indicated during the time that he was in the House, it could sweep all before it.

In the indictment which he made of the Sifton A. & G. W. policy there was quite enough strength to send the government into oblivion.

The finances of the provinces are in the worst mixed up state possible. If the details of the work of the different departments are probed, it will be shown that they are honeycombed with incompetence, and that the public service is being used simply as a part of a political machine.

But I do not see any sign that the Tories are alive to their opportunities. At a time when they should be making every preparation for the coming fight, they seem to be absolutely asleep.

Those from whom the most is to be expected are apparently too much engaged in making money to bother. If their bread and butter were at stake, there would be some excuse. But when they have amassed good-sized fortunes, we look to them to give some of their time and ability to the public service.

Quite a fraction of them, I believe, are so mixed up in financial dealings with men on the other side that this explains their lukewarmness.

When election time comes along they will get up on a platform and make all kinds of violent attacks on the other fellows. But this is not enough. However bold the language that they use, it will have a very hollow sound to those who know what's what.

The time that they should bestir themselves is now. If they do not, we are in for another four or five years of Siftonian government, and nothing more.



Scene from Louis N. Parker's Quaint Comedy "Pomander Walk," at the Empire Theatre, Thursday, Oct. 24th.

are opposing us. Do you think that the Conservative party, as organized in the province, could win an election?

"It would be different if they had Bennett at their head. But he will never come back to the Legislature. He made a bad move for him and for the party, when he exchanged his position at Edmonton for that of a back-bencher at Ottawa. But when he makes a change, it will be to go to the Imperial Parliament. I have been fighting him ever since I came to this country, but I must say that it would be a great shame to have his services lost to Canada.

However, that's the situation.

"Are the Tories doing anything to get a man who can anything like take Bennett's place? Those who are likely to put up it will be child's play for Sifton and Cross to beat out."

I had to admit that he was right. The Conservatives of Alberta have a great chance. No party was ever more discredited and disunited than the Liberals were after the series of events which led to the retirement of Dr. Rutherford, fine gentleman and honest man that he is, and the succession of Mr. Sifton.

The recent patching up of the Cabinet only makes matters worse. It shows that it is not the province's interests that the two factions are trying to serve. They are willing to swallow the opinions of one another, if it will only let them keep the party's hold on power.

But does anyone believe that Mr. Michener and the other Conservatives, who are undertaking to fight the government, will ever make great headway against it?

At the present moment the party stands for nothing but a desire to get hold of the places occupied by Mr. Sifton and his colleagues.

five years of Siftonian government, and nothing more.

Listen to what the Calgary Albertan has further to say regarding the Stampede organization first attacked in this paper.

"The action of the Stampede organization which made so much money that it really didn't know what to do with it in refusing small grants to the Boy Scouts to help them in furnishing their rooms, was small and mean. The Boy Scouts brought out a good crowd one afternoon. The people who came anywhere within sight of the review of the boys, were taxed \$1.00 for the privilege. The Stampede promoters made about \$12,000 between them for six months work and the backers had so much money on their hands that they were forced to divide it among the city charities.

"The absolute disregard of the rights of the boys in this matter was another example of the unfairness which characterized the whole affair, which made Calgary people determined that there must be a change in management if they are to sanction a repetition of the performance."

That's plain talk for plain people!

What next?

Out in Vancouver the Daughters of the Empire have formed a Richard McIlraith Chapter and are busily engaged with preparations for the fitting celebration of Guy Fawkes' night on November 5 when they will hold a calico ball in Lester Hall at which the regents of the various city chapters will act as patronesses. Several novelties will be introduced during the evening and plan to be carried out in the decoration of the hall promise a very unique

setting for the function. Dolly Varden styles will be popular amongst the costumes and the men also will wear their share of calico on their coat revers. The regent, Mrs. Forbes Macdonald and the secretary, Mrs. H. K. Dutcher, have tickets for sale.

Laws-a-mercy! Why don't we follow the lead of an Arthur Sifton Chapter? Who is more chivalrous than our own Arthur?

Who would appreciate any delicate attentions on the part of the ladies more than he?

Then we would have Tennyson's delightful little references to Arthur, on which to fall back for mottoes for the Chapter. I don't know whether the ladies asked Richard's Yea or Nay in the matter, but there he is, installed patron saint of that particular branch of the Order.

Let us not lag behind!

I hereby make application for membership. In reference to the novelties to mark the celebration of Guy Fawkes' night, surely we needn't copy them to the extent of another Calico Ball here.

Arthur Sifton's Chapter can do its own thinking. What do you say to an Egyptian Festival with the guests dressed to represent Sphinxes?

Shall Arthur take second place to Richard Never.

I am indebted to Mr. Alderman Gustave May for a dozen or more speaking photographs of some of the back lanes of this up-to-date city of Edmonton. I wish I had the money to spend in getting cuts of every one of them.

Photos cannot lie. That is unless you re-touch them.

These are eloquent of actual conditions as they are.

One shows the rear of a Namayo Avenue store fairly buried in straw, loose paper, and decaying vegetables.

Another shows a big fire menace and an eyesore, and disease breeder, with overflowing garbage barrels, and loose wood and paper all about.

Another at the rear of a big store, saw, a few days ago, the origin of a fair-sized fire.

As a fire menace none can touch the rear of a paint shop, where oil cans, gasoline, and wood are littered up to the very door of a storage room, where all sorts of inflammable materials are stored. Go up the lane on Second street, just off Jasper avenue, and see what you will find.

Just try handling the ton or more of hot ashes outside the back door of one of the large stores on Jasper.

Another lane of Jasper, near Fourth street, would give you an eye-brow raise. Try the first street lane, and you will fare no better.

There are some first-rate fire breeders just off Jasper, between First and Second streets. Some people are living in a tent at the rear of Jasper Avenue, among conditions both as to the danger of fire and disease, no New York tenement could better.

But for the gem, there is a lane off Jasper, in the heart of the city, that has them all beaten hands down. Ash cans, wall barrels, garbage on the ground all about, old wooden boxes, straw, paper, tin cans!!!!

And then some wise owl of a Health Department wonders where the typhoid fever epidemic is coming from. Well, I'll tell them.

It's coming from filthy conditions in their lanes.

It's coming from Indians, breeds, and little children of the poor, pawing over the garbage cans in the search for castaway fruit, and stale bread, and refuse, thrown out from the stores.

It's coming from men generally buried knee deep under papers, old cans, and boxes.

It's coming from dirty milk that sours in a night from its own contaminations. It's coming from gold lace officials parading the Main streets and not poking up back lanes.

It's coming from the criminal indifference on the part of the only people who can start a responsible and systematic campaign against it—the Municipal Powers That Be. It's coming from a sluggish public conscience.

Thanks to Mr. May's untiring efforts, a General Cleaning Up and Fire Prevention Day has been declared, to be celebrated next Saturday.

And now it's up to us individually to do our part, and if we don't, to the Police to see that we are made.

Nor let this be all.

Neither houses nor back lanes remain clean for any length of time. It is the daily, systematic going over, that counts. Now we don't want to pay King Typographical any more for this city.

Life looks too good to us.

We've had clean-up men among us before. Men who were like the man who was asked to assist in the clean-up campaign and replied "all right."

Well, name your preference, committee on dumps, alleys or backyards. What would you like to clean up?

"I'd like to clean up about a million dollars."

We want no more after that fashion. Let us co-operate in making this the cleanest, and best-run city in the whole of the West.

We can do it.

Why not let this Saturday see us settle down to the task?

Follows Alderman May's letter:

Dear Editor of the Mirror,—I am enclosing you herewith a few photos made in some of our back lanes, in order to show you the fire menace that exists in the city.

My object in doing so, is that having had His Worship the Mayor declare next Saturday as Fire Prevention Day, I feel that the best way to awaken the public conscience as to their responsibilities is through the press.

If not asking too much, I would appreciate your asking your readers to co-operate with the civic authorities in observing the day as it is intended it should; that is, by removal from curbs, yards or premises all rubbish and inflammable materials, the proper looking after stoves, furnaces, etc., and the securing of metal receptacles for their hot ashes. Most of our fires here occur in the winter, many due

(Continued on Page 8)

## THE MIRROR

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FRIDAY, OCT. 18, 1912

## IN THE FIELD OF INVESTMENT

I was reading an old Hansard the other day when I came across a passage in a debate in the House of Commons that is of no little interest to Edmontonians of today. It was during the session on 1908 and one of the ministers as defending the price paid in a western city for a public building site. He said that the Opposition should remember that higher prices were paid in the West than in the East and cited the fact that he had been asked as high as \$700 per foot for property on the main street in Edmonton.

"I think," observed Mr. H. A. Ward in reply, "that my honorable friend who has just sat down forgets that he struck Edmonton at the top of the boom and that the boom has fallen flat. You cannot judge of the northwest by boom prices. Everybody knows that you can buy land at Edmonton at a very much less figure than my honorable friend has just quoted."

This was just four years ago. Mr. Ward was not correct in his statement even then. But the discussion shows, taken in conjunction with later developments, how careful one should be about trusting to statements about booms that are likely to burst.

At the present moment there is not a cloud on the sky so far as the West is directly concerned. The fine threshing weather that we have been having for the last week gives the finishing touch to what will unquestionably prove the best crop year in the history of the country. The estimates for the total yield are gradually going up. The Bank of Commerce placed it during the week at 190,000,000 bushels of wheat; oats, 221,500,000 bushels; barley, 49,000,000 bushels; flax, 12,900,000 bushels.

The total value of the grain crops to the producer is estimated by the bank at \$208,000,000 of which wheat at 62 cents totals \$121,520,000; oats at 25 cents, totals \$56,125,000; barley, at 23 cents, totals \$11,325,000, and flax at \$1.10 totals \$14,190,000.

These are enormous figures. Any trouble that comes will be from without. There is no doubt that the European war situation is serious and that if it does not clear up, the whole world will suffer. The matter is one that has the most intimate connection to our prosperity and the man who talks of war, however far it may be from his home that it is waged, is nothing more nor less than a fool. If people only realized how intimately their own prosperity is affected by military operations, we should have fewer fire-eaters.

The slump of Canadian Pacific stock by eleven points in one day last week was sensational enough to rouse anybody to the seriousness of the trouble in the Balkans.

There are plenty of oil and gas reports from the north. At the first of the week gas was struck at Athabasca Landing. This and the Toledo strike will make Edmonton a little wary of piping all the way from Pelican Rapids. It should not be necessary to go anything like that distance for a supply.

Last Friday a report of an oil strike at Fort McMurray was responsible for the departure of for-

ty men from Edmonton for that point.

The news was brought to Athabasca Landing by an Indian runner, making the trip, some 300 miles, in six days.

The Northern Exploration company, of which Lieut-Governor Bulyea is president, has been drilling in the vicinity of Fort McMurray for some time, and already struck oil though never before, it is said, in such quantities. The extent of the flow will not be known until the report of A. Finny, the government inspector, is made public. It is, however, stated to be of great commercial value, and among those who left Friday there are many old timers and many others preparing to follow.

The Wetaskiwin Times Says: "That there is gas and oil in this district in paying commercial quantities is the opinion of an expert who was here looking over the country a few weeks ago. The expert upon returning to Ontario, gave a most favorable report to capitalists who are financing the scheme. A few days ago other parties started going over the country for the purpose of obtaining leases of certain lands which they could not procure from the C.P.R. and Hudson's Bay Co. The area covered is townships 46 and 47. There is considerable speculation as to the object of those behind the scheme and every movement is being watched with the keenest interest."

The Edmonton Cold Storage Company announces that it will go ahead immediately with a \$115,000 cold storage warehouse at the corner of Fourth and Peace.

Frederick Schelling of the Spokane Ornamental Iron and Wire Works was in the city this week making preparations for the establishment of a branch of that concern, which would employ fifty hands at the start. An option was taken on a block of land in Industrial Heights, east of the Packing Plant.

The building permits will probably go at least to the half million mark for October at the present rate, although nothing but small buildings have as yet figured in the list. The number of residences being put up on the south side is just a small indication of what will happen on the completion of the high level. The total for the south side up to October 1st was \$1,718,915, nearly four times the total for the whole of last year. This month permits were issued for fifteen new houses being put up by Hon. John Gordon M.P., for Brighon, England.

On the grounds that the property was purchased at an inadequate price to the knowledge of the purchaser and that the defendant knew that the man from whom he agreed to purchase was not a fit person to make a bargain on his own behalf, Mr. Justice Murphy at Vancouver, in the Supreme Court delivered an important judgment in favor of the Attorney-General, establishing what is probably a precedent.

On March 12, 1911, Mr. John McDougall entered into an agreement with George A. MacKenzie to buy at lot at Central Park for \$1,000, the terms being \$100 down and \$10 a month without interest. On April 10, 1911, MacKenzie was placed in the Asylum for the insane at New Westminster. The attention of the Attorney-General was drawn to the transaction between Mr. McDougall and MacKenzie, and it was pointed out to him that the property was worth from \$9,000 to \$11,000. The property appeared on the assessment roll as assessed for \$3,935, and the Attorney-General filed caveats on the property. These were dismissed, and the action tried yesterday was launched by the Attorney-General in his capacity as a creditor of lunacy.

The allegation was that Mr. McDougall knew at the time of entering into the transaction that MacKenzie was of unsound mind and unfit to transact business.

In arguing the case Mr. McDougall, while admitting that MacKenzie had been shown to be suffering from paranoia, contended that his real state of mind was unknown to the defendant and that on that ground the action should be dismissed.

There is no doubt that the property was purchased at an inadequate price and to the knowledge of the purchaser, said His Lordship in giving judgment rescinding the agreement of purchase. "In regard to this point alone I think at law the onus is upon the defendant to show that he entered into a fair bargain, and on this ground I think the bargain should be set aside. But, if

... WE WANT TO SHOW YOU ...

# Beacon Heights Annex

—EDMONTON'S STAR SUBDIVISION—Today

## Facts That Prove

To give you some idea of the tremendous improvements and developments that we are carrying out on our property, we quote you our pay roll, in construction work only, for the past month, September 6th to October 4th:

Average number of men employed each week.....	52
Total amount paid out in wages, construction work only.....	\$2730.30
Total amount of street grading.....	1 7-10 miles
Approximate area of land cleared of dead trees and underbrush.....	59 acres
Approximate amount of ditching.....	4800 ft.
Number of houses under construction.....	8

I have examined the checks and vouchers in connection with the construction work on Beacon Heights Annex, and hereby certify these figures to be correct.

October 11th.

R. WALKER.

I hereby certify that this plot was taken by me at Beacon Heights Annex, October 6th.

R. WALKER.

## Beacon Heights Annex is the most popular sub-division on the market today

### REMEMBER, OUR ARMY OF MEN

has been improving this property for weeks, and they are still at it. The situation of Beacon Heights Annex is delightful—it is one of Nature's Beauty Spots. People who reside there tell us that the more they see of it the more they like it. We want you to see it today. We will take you out in our auto (at no expense to yourself) and show you all over the property. THINK WHAT IT MEANS

### TO OWN A LOT, TO HAVE A HOME OF YOUR OWN

To live in peace and comfort amidst Nature's beauty

You can buy a lot in THIS HOMESITE BEAUTIFUL FOR

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it is necessary to go further. I also hold that the weight of evidence here leads to the conclusion that the defendant knew MacKenzie was not a fit person to make a bargain on his own behalf, although he may not have known that he was insane."

### EATING AND DRINKING

(From the London Chronicle) The advice which Sydney Smith gave to Lord Murray on the subject of diet was probably sound. "If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life," he wrote, "eat and drink about one-half of what you can eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculations about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon, I found that, between 10 and 70 years of age, I had eaten and drunk 14 horse wagon loads

of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health! The value of this mass of nourishment I considered to be worth £7,000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully 100 persons. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true."

### CHASE HEADACHES



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AND TERRIBLE SICK HEADACHES

Both symptoms cured by "Fruit-Kid-Live"

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Get a box, 6 for 50c, or trial size, 10c. All druggists or from Fruit-Kid-Live Co., Chicago, Ill.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

THE BERRYMAN

## THE WORLD OF SPORT

With the case 23-0 in favor of the Tigers, the melee that took place at last Saturday's football game in Calgary is quite unique. It is when the play is close that most impromptu pugilistic events are brought off. But in this case, the slaughter was equal to that in an ordinary lacrosse game between Vancouver and New Westminster, two players and two spectators being completely disabled.

A few hours later three thousand people assembled at the This tie clinic in Vancouver and saw some first-class boxing bouts. Apart from the action of one irresponsible individual, better spirit could not have prevailed among the crowd or between the contestants. All of which bears out what has been said on this page frequently, that there are sports which more require the attention of the police and the clergyman than that of pugilism. As it is being conducted here, it is well worthy of the public support that is being given it and I would repeat that Tommy Burns and Robert McDonald and those who are associated with them are entitled to much credit.

The Barrie-Scalar bout was fought to a draw at fifteen rounds. They were evenly matched and their work was followed through with keen interest. The preliminaries were also of a high order.

There has been a large increase of rough-house tactics in Canadian football for some time past and unless something is done to put a stop to these the game will go the way of lacrosse and hockey, which would be a great pity, as in the past it has had all the elements of becoming our most popular sport.

Regarding the game in the East, the Montreal Gazette has this to say:

The board of governors of the Intercontinental Rugby union, in an effort to prevent "dirty play" in the football field this season, has issued a communication which has been transmitted to the different clubs. The letter points out that foul play detracts from the popularity of the game and asks the clubs and the players to help in stamping it out. The appeal will be received with pleasure by all fair players, and will also give those of the game's followers who put their money to see football played as it should be. Few spectators like to see one contestant deliberately injure another, as is done on occasions. A man who makes a practice of trying to injure his opponent should be barred from all the teams of the league, and it is satisfactory to note that the board of governors holds this view and expresses it in its letter to the clubs. Another thing it condemns is the abuse of officials by players. This is a bad habit that should be suppressed. It is more or less common to nearly every game, baseball, lacrosse, hockey, football, etc. A referee's task on every sporting field is often a difficult one, and abuse should not be added to the load of worry he has to bear. But it is not only the players that are to blame. A player who indulges in roughness sometimes has an excuse for losing his temper. He may have been roughly handled, perhaps accidentally, and the hurt rancor in his breast and leads him to seek revenge, which is afterwards sorry for.

Eddie Duman of Toronto has been a professional sculler for a good many years, and the general opinion was that he was too old to win the world's championship. Barry beat him out easily on Monday. The race of professional athletes has pretty well died out in Canada. Twenty-five years ago the names of Hanlon, O'Connor and Gaudier were in everybody's mouth. This is certainly one sport where the professional has come to take a distinctly second place to the amateur.

An English visitor objects to the unintelligible jargon that the sporting reporters use in describing a baseball match. During the past week there have been some games worth while in the city where people are said to speak better English than they do in England. A sporting writer seized the occasion to write his account of one of the championship games in the approved Harvard style. This is part of the result: "The semi-circular erections were spiritually magnificent with their bevels of black bay beautes seated thereon when the organiz-

ation vulgarly known as the Red Sox transversed the field in a gentlemanly fashion. One player seized the willow where it gave the greatest leverage and struck a grating attitude. However, he struck nothing else, for he who evolves the sphere now entered into a series of remarkable contortions from which the globe finally emerged describing a perfect parabola, whose orbit seemed unsurpassable to the disconcerted scientist. The process being repeated three consecutive times, the unfortunate athlete retired. His successor was more successful, succeeding in approaching in too close proximity to the tabloid, which he ejected violently in the left hand prairie, where it passed peacefully away in the hands of an unmythologic barbarian, erroneously described in some journals as a Giant."

Collier's Weekly each year picks out what it considers the best baseball team that could be gathered in America. Here is its choice for this year, announced last week:

Catchers—Archer (National), Meyers (National).  
Pitchers—Johnson (American), Wood (American), Walsh (American), Mathewson (National), Rucker (National).  
First Base—McInnis (American).  
Second Base—Collins (American).  
Shortstop—Wagner (National).  
Third Base—Baker (American).  
Outfield—Cobb (American).  
Spectator—Jackson (American), Milan (American).

The Toronto Mail and Empire says:

In his diligent quest for subscriptions for "The Athletes' Church," for which he is pastor, the Rev. J. D. Morrow wandered up to the Hillcrest race track yesterday afternoon. Mr. A. Or, who happened to be there also, was prevailed upon by the athletic pastor to donate \$50 towards the good cause.

"Put that up on Faneuil Hall and make some more," suggested Mr. Morrow, who overheard the conversation.

"Ministers don't gamble," replied Mr. Morrow.

"You don't need to gamble," said Flanagan. "You may play it for a sure thing. If the horse loses I'll make good the fifty."

Nevertheless Mr. Morrow thought such a deed would be unbecomingly of his cloth, and the grief of Tom Flanagan when Faneuil Hall won of odds of 3 to 1 was deep and heartfelt.

In the London Nation, "R.N." gives this picture of a country race-meeting on the Irish coast which should appeal to the sportsman who has any sporting blood in his veins: "A dark cloud streamed out of the village town—the usual wretched Irish village—over the little old grey bridge that crosses a bog stream just outside, and down the loose-walled road to the sea. Beyond, people were already gathered on the low green cliff where it descends to sand at the river mouth, and on the flat sand-dunes of the river bed publicans had put up their white tents. A curving strand was the race-course. The place might have been chosen for its beauty; behind, the grey village set among windown trees and backed by the purple of high Croagh Patrick; northward, the range of mountains towards Connemara, Sheffry Mountain and the old Mullra half lost in mist; to the left the little near hills and the grotesque mountainous form of Clara island; and across the bay, a range of mountains, the Nephin range, from the shape of Nephin the Cloudy, whose head is always hidden, out westward, far to the gracious outline of the Croagh Patrick, with its peaked buttresses leaning backward from the Atlantic. The eyes, raised from horses, tenets, and "boys," rested on these stately distances.

Everything pointed to a successful meeting, the programme told us, especially as large fields were expected; and the crowd was already happy, an unwilling horse having taken to the sea, and throwing the "lock" over his head into the water. A member of the R.I.C. strolled about, condescendingly flicking our ankles with a horse-whip, another poked us in a friendly way with a twig, and a townsman, who already had something taken, flourished a dinner-bell. They can hardly have meant to clear the course, but the start was made in quite good order, only one horse setting off a little from the rest, which nobody minded. Swirling round the posts after the first lap, the horses dashed into the crowd, and

the race had to slow down till we could scamper away, to close about the posts as soon as the horses were well clear, until the next round scattered us again. But after the first two rounds, we were very orderly, mostly standing at a few feet back, while a man at the corner rushed forward, and, by kindly waving and flicking a waterproof at the right moment, helped the riders to make their sharp turn. He gave a very violent flick to the hindquarters of the horse he preferred, and, indeed, if anyone wished a particular horse to win, it was easy enough to run up and give him a good crack of a whip to help a bit forward. Close to the silver film of the incoming tide, the little figure sped along. The carpenter's beautiful horse the winner, ridden by a thin, deep-wrinkled man, ever smiling, like a king of Elford. The second was his also, and the third was won, amid much delighted shouting by a pretty boy of fourteen, riding a horse of his father's, the grocer, who is a great man for the horses.

It was a day of springtide, and everyone knew the sea would be over the course before the sports were over. The tide was some up to the posts, and at the distant turn the little plashing horses were seen in a cloud of their own spray. The last race was at the edge of the tide, and when it was over, the proud winner accompanied their whiskey with a ham sandwich, and the rest with large thick biscuits at four a penny. The wooden biscuit cases were used by way of tables, at which the bell-ringer and others carried on some small gambling. At one of the entertainment was provided by a wooden die, each side charged with a letter of the alphabet from A to F. The bank objected suaded with some noise. Near by, to pay when it lost, and was per a man, with a very dirty pack of cards, had got half-a-dozen young farmers to stake pennies on a game of twenty-five, and six had spread on the ground a small square of chequered oilcloth, on which pennies were thrown every within the quarters. A customer whose penny fell very nearly in position demanded payment, and, when refused, had no little respect for justice as to chase the owner of the oilcloth across the sandhills.

A very brilliant and eloquent woman kept a close crowd at her. An Sally range, though her derisive remarks were offering them prizes as many cigarettes for times. "I see ye, I see ye, God bless ye," she would shout to a boy who was trying to sneak an unpaid throw. By the time the groups of small, gaunt farmers, sketchy-featured youths and shawled women had enjoyed several hours of such entertainments, the tide had covered the road and part of the little square, so that walkers took to the hill, and the side-cars of departing farmers and tradesmen were driven water up to the body. A stranger drove a wheel over the edge and his car fell into the water where it stayed till low tide. Altogether, it was the best day of sports ever known at Chian Curraghstown.

A week or two things were looking very black for the Giants I expressed the opinion that they would never win. They did not but I think that my confidence was justified. It has been a great series, but I am not disposed to concede that the better team won. The luck was against New York at almost every stage.

They had two most decisive victories to their credit and each time that they were defeated it was by a very close margin. The man who was in the hardest luck was that fine old veteran Christy Mathewson. Three times he was beaten and in all three games pitched magnificently. The man to whom Boston really owes the championship is one who was figured in the forecasts prior to the start of the series. It was evident's work on Saturday and Wednesday that was out. Wood was beaten badly on Tuesday and in the two games that he won he had more hits against him than the opposing pitcher.

That the series indicates the high water mark of baseball ever in our annals. Never has there been such interest displayed. The whole continent literally hung on the news from the scene of battle each afternoon. The war in Europe and the presidential contest were apparently of little moment in Canada. It was just as bad as in the United States. We have never followed any of our own sporting events with anything like the same attention.

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of the melody in this wonderful eyes of his, were being sung now, above his coffin. And there he lay with bouquets of flowers about him, his hands quiet and still, his eyes shut, but still with a little smile about his lips, and his grand old face beautiful in its peace and majesty. Close to him some of his officers stood on guard, as round the body of a dead king, holding his standards, muffled with their henned, bent, figures of grief. There was a woman "officer" among them, her face in shadow under a poke bonnet. It was the face of one of those women who at the General's bidding have gone into the darkest slums of modern cities, among the ugliest and most terrible things of life, bringing, with the rattle of a tambourine, and a cheerful smile, a message of love into loneliness.

I watched part of the almost endless procession of men and women who came to this lying-in-state, and the memory of it will linger with me. This was a pilgrimage of people from the mean streets of the great city. Illustrious personages had sent wreaths and tributes, now and again a carriage stood outside the hall, but for the most part those who came to get one moment's glimpse of the old General's face were the children of poverty. Here were working men in their working clothes, and the women of humble life—those people who live always on a thin crust above the abyss, and who need great courage, great strength of character, great luck to prevent themselves from falling through. There were poor clerks, and down-at-heel fellows of shabby gait, and old women who have been into an Army "shelter" on a winter's night, and poor devils who still look to the Army for something hot to drink, and something to ease the hunger pangs. The instinct of loyalty, the genuine love for the old man, a remembrance, perhaps, of some fond remembrance of their horny hands etched up to God, had brought them, perhaps at the risk of losing a day's job, to his bier.

It was a great and solemn sight, and men like myself, the lookers-on, the critics, the reporters, who have not been followers of the General's flag, who follow, perhaps, other flags, or none at all, saw here the testimony of General Booth's greatness, the victory of his life. There are some who believe that with his death the spirit will depart from his world-wide organization. I am not one of those, for I believe that the spirit of that ardent spirit shines throughout the ranks of his Army. There are many cheerful, devoted and enthusiastic souls among those who stand at the street corners and follow the big drum. And the new General who has taken up his father's sword, much but bravely, is a man of unusual gifts, like most members of the Booth family, who was a far-seeing vision. The Salvation Army may change, but it will go on.

PRGGY.

### "POMANDER WALK" ILLUSTRATES A RETURN TO THE FASHIONS OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The period in which "Pomander Walk" (the quaint comedy of happiness), which comes to the Empire Theatre, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 24th, 25th and 26th, is laid is 1805. People who study the origin and progress of fashion in women's attire and her methods of dressing her hair and beautifying her features, have some standard fashionable types of this period. In the numerous portraits of Madame de Staël, the Empress Josephine and Madame Recamier, all of whom were contemporaneous in France with the period in which "Pomander Walk" is placed.

All the costumes in the play are quaint and pretty, and one of the most interesting things for the girl who loves clothes to see, is how the fashions of one hundred years ago are being revived today. We see the scant skirts, the raised waist line, the fichu, fringes, trimmed hems and dangling bags, just as we see them in the shop windows, and bring to us a sharp realization that fashion moves in circles.

In the first act of the play Miss Stella de Marney is in the plainest of frocks of pale green, with a straight, narrow skirt, trimmed with what looks like a fine double ruche about the hem, and with a bandeau in her curls. Miss Marie Burke, who takes the part of the mother, is in a dress of the epoch makes the fashion lover sigh with envy. In the second act, Miss De Marney is in simplest white, as is a young maid who lives in Pomander Walk; and her dress shows one of the points that Paris hints soon to revive again—the low neck and long sleeves. The same combination appears in Miss Burke's costume of lavender with a white muslin fichu and long wrinkled sleeves, coming down over the hands. Both gowns have the one-sided closing blouse line, which is so popular in the present-day style.

Miss Burke's costume in the last act—with low neck, long sleeves and an overdress which comes to a train in the back, and is cut away to front to show a darker shade of the under-skirt underneath she copied from a portrait of her great-grandmother. The recently said, "I even have seen the curls over and do my hair in little curls just like the curls in the portrait, and do you know I was quite startled when she finished me and I saw myself in the mirror, because I looked almost exactly like my great-grandmother."

Eva Viola Finney, as the Honorable Carolina Thring, has a gown of the loveliest gray crepe de chine, with a fichu-like mantle of the same material, which is being worn on everything and everywhere today.

First annual hall of the Victoria Order of Nurses will be held in the Separate School Hall on Friday evening, October 16th. Gentlemen, \$2.00; ladies, \$1.00.

Are you afraid;  
Some headbuds will wear  
Anything that is made.  
—Detroit News.

Uncle Rastus suddenly roused  
himself from his slumber and  
shouted:  
"It ain't my lead! I jest deat!"

"Are you there?"  
"Yes."  
"Who are you, please?"  
"Watt."  
"What is your name, please?"  
"Watt's my name."  
"Yes, what is your name?"  
"I say my name is Watt."  
"Oh, well, I'm coming round to see you to-night."  
"All right. Are you Jones?"  
"No, I'm Knott."  
"Well, will you tell me your name, was the answer."  
"I'm Will Knott."  
"Why won't you."  
"I say my name is William Knott."  
"Oh, I beg your pardon."  
"Then will you be in when I call to-night, Watt?"  
"Certainly, Knott."

A STREET CAR ROMANCE  
The crowded car swung round  
And awayed them, for a moment  
sweet  
She touched him—for a moment  
feet  
That made his poor heart leap  
within  
She left the car, and riding on,  
He felt a strange, new feeling  
down—  
A sense of something that was  
gone—  
It was his watch and diamond  
pin!  
—George H. Staff.

THE GRANDFATHERS  
We're all of us loudly bewailing  
the fact  
That the grandmothers, gentle  
and gray,  
With their silver-haired specta-  
cles, aprons and caps,  
Have utterly vanished away.  
In their places are well-preserved  
matrons in styles  
Distressingly giddy and new,  
With tresses that show not a  
glimmer of stow—  
But where are the grandfathers,  
too?

The kindly old men with their  
garrulous tales  
Who delighted to doze by the  
hearth.  
The honest old fellows with wrinkles  
and pipes,  
White-headed, the salt of the  
earth,  
There are plenty and bald-headed  
specimens with cigars,  
Auto cars, and fur coats, it is  
true,  
But while we lament for the  
grandmothers, where are the  
Oh! where are the grandfathers,  
too?

They were trying an Irishman  
charged with a petty offence,  
when the judge asked, "Have you  
any one in court who will vouch  
for your good character?"  
"Yin, your honor," quickly re-  
sponded the Celt; "there's the  
sheriff there."

Whereupon the sheriff evinced  
signs of great amazement.  
"Why, your honor," declared he,  
"I don't even know the man."  
"Observe, your honor," said the  
Irishman, triumphantly, "observe  
that I've lived in the country for  
twelve years and the sheriff does  
n't know me. Ain't that a char-  
acter for ye."

"Bobby, shut that door. You  
have let all the flies in."  
"No, in, mamma; there's one out  
yet."—Life.

"Have they started a new par-  
ty, pa?"  
"Yes, my son."  
"Say, pa, politics will soon be  
as bad as religion, won't it?"  
Judge.

An old-time dandy was closing  
his sermon one night in Paradise  
alley and Uncle Rastus, who had  
been playing cards the night be-  
fore, was seated in the amen cor-  
ner, sound asleep dreaming of his  
favorite game. The old preacher  
said:  
"We will close now dis meetin'  
wid pray'r, an' we will ax Bre'r  
Rastus to lead."



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## I Heard Rather a Good One

"We read in the Bible," says the famous George Ham of the Canadian Pacific Railway, "about the valleys laughing and the hills clapping their hands. If the Old World could present such phenomena as that, why shouldn't the New World have fish that sing?"

I've heard something much more wonderful than fish singing, for that matter: I've heard stones sing. These stones are on the shore of Lake Manitoba. When the water washes over them they sing. Absolute fact! Produce beautiful harmonies. Now I think the fish that sing must have some natural orchestra like that near them, and then through a long series of centuries, has produced such a powerful effect on successive generations of fish that at last it has produced a race of fish capable of giving vocal expression to their emotions. Of course it's just a fable that the quality of the bait has something to do with it."

### SCANT

(Boston Transcript.)  
"It appears," remarked Adam,  
just after the fall.  
"That the laugh is on us  
And—er—that's about all."

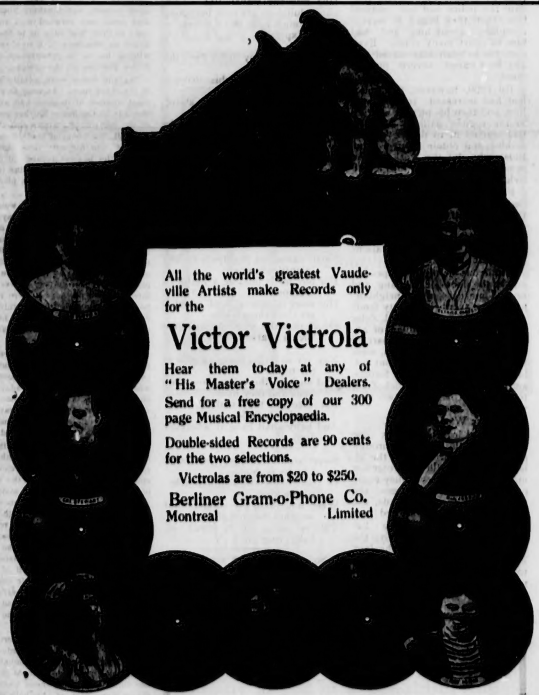
"Would you mind making a noise like a frog, uncle?"  
"And why," said the uncle with an amused smile, "w-l, Tommy, do you desire me to make a noise like a frog?"  
"Because," replied the archer.  
"Because I ask daddy to buy me anything he always says: 'Wait till your uncle croaks.'"

"Bang!" went the rifles at the manoeuvres. "Go-o-o!" screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the surprised arms of a young man. "Oh," said she, blushing, "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."  
"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A gravestone in Maine, described in Everybody's, bears this inscription:  
"Here lies the body of Eniel Holden, who died suddenly and unexpectedly by being kicked to death by a cow. Well done, good and faithful servant!"

### THE NEW ONE

Have you seen the new derby,  
The one that is flat  
And looks like a fried egg  
Instead of a hat?  
But still the hatmakers



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"Big Jack" Zelig, who has played such an important part in the Rosenthal murder, and who was shot to death the other day, was a pickpocket and a gang leader almost from the time he spent his childhood days in the neighborhood around Norfolk street, where he was born in 1880. His real name was either William Alberts or William Albert, probably the former, and he was credited with being one of the most skillful pickpockets with whom the New York City police had to deal.

Before he was brought into the shooting of Herman Rosenthal he had been named by the police in connection with a number of murders and had a reputation of being a general, all-around "gun man" and gang leader.

Little early history of his boyhood is obtainable, but he was of the type on the East Side which never works if there is any way out of it, and by the time he had grown to be a curly-headed boy of 14 he had learned all the wiles of the street urchin, and could manipulate a newspaper over a man's pocket and rob him of his change with the deft touch of the hardened criminal.

He got into many scrapes with the police and was arrested many times, but at that age he had a frank boyishness about him that, in many cases, caused the blustering complaints against him to soften a bit and finally to refuse to press the charge.

The boy generally got off through this trick, which the police styled the "baby act."

Even as late as April, 1905, Zelig played the "baby," softened the heart of his accuser and went free.

The "Baby Act" Saved Him

For a few years prior to the Big Jack piled the art of the deft-fingered gent and made a precarious living in that way rather than by honest toil. Before that date the police had not noticed him; then they began to receive complaints about him, and he in court many times. Even then his babyish acts saved him and he escaped severe punishment.

By 1890, however, the police had increased trouble with him, and then his picture was put in the rogues' gallery. Then he had started in to do less pickpocketing and obtain money from those who did the same at the same time graduating into a full-fledged gang leader.

From then until to-day he had been involved in numerous robberies in the streets of New York and elsewhere and had had no prison sentences. He was cut into the successful operations of himself and his crowd.

Numerous shooting scrapes are put at the doors of his home, and several murders in his neighborhood were ascribed to petty feuds of the members of his gang.

Jack and Sirocco, leader of an odd team in the lower part of the city, around Chinatown, were formerly on good terms, but following a dispute between Sirocco and Jimmy Kelly, in which Zelig took Kelly's part, the two men were bitter enemies.

Race War Developed.

The rival leaders fought one another all the harder through picking their victims and the alleged levying of illegal protection money on whomsoever they could prey. Race wars between the members of the two bands, the Jews and Italians, followed fast.

"Dago Frank," "Whitney Lewis," "Lety Leslie," and "Gyp the Blood" were the pick of the Jack Zelig gang. Zelig is said, however, to have been able to buy a number and any type of "gun men."

**HIGH PRICES****AT CHRISTIE'S**

A remarkably successful season, with high prices, has just drawn to a close at Christie's famous 21-23 guineas paid for a picture by Raeburn. For nearly a decade the auction record for a single picture in this country stood at 14,650 guineas, paid for the famous "Lady Louise" Manet's portrait in 1911; however, the record was nearly doubled, Raeburn's portrait of Mrs. Robertson Williamson fetched £23,100. This year the famous portrait of the eighteenth century man again scored a notable auction triumph. Six examples from his brush have yielded close upon \$50,000. Four favorite canvases by Reynolds have produced nearly \$30,000. The famous John Taylor sale, at which, among other treasures, an old "Bronzino" portrait sold for 10,800 guineas, brought many rare and curious objects of art under the hammer. Incidentally, the realized proved how collecting may be made profitable. A Limoges candlestick was knocked down for 4,100 guineas after having cost only 280 guineas, while a pair of 16th century Venetian bronze armchairs, which had been bought not many years ago for a little over \$2,000. Profits such as this of several hundred per cent. tend to popularize more than ever the hunt for old curios, and in more than one instance this search has been ransacked and family possessions overhauled to provide the objects sent to Christie's for sale.

**A TELELULLABY**

From Punch.

(Mrs. — was at a whist drive at Steubenville, Ohio, where she received a telephone message from her nurse that the baby had been crying for an hour. Soon afterwards the guests were surprised to hear Mrs. — singing a lullaby into the transmitter. The telephone lullabies are now becoming quite common at this resort. — Daily Express.)

Oh, hush thee, my babe, from thy wailing desist,  
Thy mother is busy whilst driving, so what!

But, if thou must still raise a piteous moan,  
Sheltling thee a lullaby over the phone.

Secure in thy cradle, what hast thou to fear?  
Just keep the receiver pressed close to thy ear.

And when thou art wailed to Hushaby Land  
Then mother can go and continue the land.

Small cause for thy tears or thy wailing,  
For mother is holding a fistful of trumps;

Her score is colonial, and sweet—  
Art thou there?—

Oh that she wins she will give thee a share.

Nay, try to forget there's a pain in thy arm,  
And bark to the wires, how they buzz and they hum;

For there are they making that music—hello—  
And baby shall have it wherever I go.

Sweet slumber attend thee, with visions of bliss;  
In token I send thee this telephone kiss.

Weep not, then, my angel, but smother that cough;  
They're calling for mamma; so, baby, ring off.

So often it is the very thoughts about a woman which intoxicate a man before marriage that drive him to drink afterward.

**DALL CUSTOMS A CENTURY AGO**

Society balls, typical as they may be of the tastes of the day, have lost a great deal of the dignity of a generation or two ago.

Early in the last century there was less difference between the fashionable ball of great hostesses and smaller dances. Boy and girl dances were unknown. The position of the chaperon had not been imposed. Heretofore the elegant lady of the state balls at Buckingham Palace and Windsor, says the London Evening Standard, manners and customs in ordinary society have largely from the highly urbane conventions of our great-grandmothers early in the last century, when set quadrilles were de rigueur at every private dance.

These quadrilles, laden with etiquette and weighed down by rules of precedence, were a burden to the hostess and to young brides bracing themselves for the ordeal of the first rout. Their reputations for misbehaving could be made with the ease with which they would arrange set after set, so that no confusion should take place before the commencement of each fresh number.

Tetiquette books of the day provide food for reflection: nowdays the matrone du bal had much to learn at the debt of her career. So much more seems to have depended upon the giver of a ball than to be a horse today, when girls seem to manage their own affairs, and the hand and the head do the rest.

Orchestra to those days consisted of violins with harp and flute accompaniments. Much of the quadrille music of the times was written for harp and flute, and probably many a young lady during the extra—had they their strict rules to allow of things—would have been able to oblige the company with a harp accompaniment.

Guests arrived in this days between 7 and 12. This latitude allowed a hostess to effect all the necessary introductions one by one and to arrange the different quadrilles, taking her leisure in order as they arrived. A great deal was made of formal introductions. A hostess took this day upon herself, and blushing young ladies could look forward with complacency to the first ball to be to their position as strangers in a new country without having to contemplate a wall flower position all the evening.

Tax and coffee were usually served in the cloak room. As soon as a sufficient number of dancers had arrived, the lady of the house left her position at the head of the stairs and opened the ball, her husband leading out the lady of the highest rank present. Should the hostess refuse to dance, she busied herself in collecting together the next set to take the place of those who had started.

"Nothing displays more want of management and method," says the writer of an old etiquette book of late days, "than a dance in which a set to a dance, while the lady, all confusion at so disagreeable a circumstance, is begging those to take their places who have previously been introduced to partners. There should be no monopoly of this delightful recreation, but all the dancers should enjoy it in regular succession."

These pauses, however, permitted videolante to be headed, and can be rarely imagine the confusion were footmen to arrive nowadays laden with trays at the conclusion of the same musical. "A matrone would do well to discontinue the gentlemen remaining long in the supper room after the ladies have retired. It frequently causes a formal party of silent and listless fair ones, who seem to consider this temporary suspension of their amusement as an evil of sufficient magnitude to rob their countenances of the smiles of cheerfulness and good humor which they had during the preceding part of the evening."

The supper tables were crowded with what they then regarded as "little delicacies." Although we should hardly include collared veal in this designation, these toothsome fishes were part of the ball supper menu together with prawns, lobsters, chickens, tongue, black-meat, "whips," truff truffles, jellies and ornamental confectionery. Men were not expected to sit or sup until the ladies had retired.

Six weeks invitations were usual in those days. Cards were printed—on now—from a copper plate. Either the card announced that "Mrs. D— was at home," the date appearing below with the word "quadrilles" in one corner, or a more elaborate form of invitation was sent out. In this case Mrs. C—H— would request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. — to come to an evening party Wednesday, July —. Danced. The favor of an answer is desired. R. V. P. had no place in the invitations of the day.

**BOOT-CLEANING IN CANADA**

"One of the most irritating things to a Britisher travelling in Canada," says a British army officer's wife, in Canada, the London Illustrated Weekly, "is that there is never any arrangement for having his boots cleaned at any of the hotels. It is not that he cannot or will not clean them himself, but it is one of the things that should be arranged as a matter of course in any decently run hotel. Under existing arrangements you have to put boots on dirty, and clean them in the streets, unless you specially arrange to fee one of the hotel attendants. It is a curious point, this, is one job everybody appears to object to in Canada. They will clean your room, cook your food, wash your clothes—anything but clean your boots. One of the first things British servants do to show their superiority and independence in the new country is to refuse this work that they have probably done all their lives at home. I was staying with a well-to-do family where three expensive servants were kept, and all the boots were collected and cleaned by the eldest son of the house. Till I got used to the idea I upset me a lot; afterwards I used to get surreptitious notices in my mail, mentioning that of the three servants in question two were English and one was Canadian, and the English higher wages than they ever had in the old country."

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Alberta at its next session for an Act authorizing the Dominion Trust Company, a body corporate, incorporated under the provisions of Chapter 80 of the Acts of Parliament of Canada for the year 1912, and hereinafter referred to as the Company, to carry on its business and exercise its corporate powers within the Province of Alberta and enacting that any person or persons authorized by the Supreme Court of said Province, or any Judge thereof, or any other Court, Judge, Officer or person authorized under the law of said Province to make such appointment, to execute the office of executor, administrator, trustee, accountant, arbitrator, auditor, receiver, assignee, liquidator, liquidator, official guardian, guardian, curator, or committee of a lunatic, and perform the duties of such officers or trusts as fully and completely as a natural person so appointed could do; and to exercise in relation thereto all its corporate powers, and enacting that the Company may be appointed to execute any of the said offices by any person or persons having authority by deed, will or other instruments to appoint a person or persons to execute any such offices, and that the Company may be appointed to be a sole trustee notwithstanding that, but for such enactment it would be necessary to appoint more than one trustee, and that the Company may also be appointed trustee jointly with any person, or body corporate, and enacting that it shall not be necessary for the Company to give any security for the due performance of its duties in any of the said offices unless otherwise ordered, and enacting that the Company may take over the entire property, business and undertaking in said Province of Dominion Trust Company Limited, a body incorporated under the laws of the Province of British Columbia and licensed to do business in the province of Alberta by Certificate of Registration No. 212, dated the 17th day of January, 1910, issued under Foreign Companies Ordinance, and that all trust funds, property, estate, securities and powers of every nature and kind held, or enjoyed by said Dominion Trust Company Limited shall be vested in the Company, subject to such conditions and trusts as the same are now held upon by Dominion Trust Company Limited, and declaring that the Company shall be substituted in the place and stead of Dominion Trust Company Limited in any such office or trust as aforesaid, and that in every trust deed, mortgage, indenture, conveyance, will, codicil, letter of administration, appointment or other document or authority in which Dominion Trust Company Limited is named or appointed to any such office or trust, including any will or codicil, of which the testator is still living, shall be read and construed in all respects as if the Company were named therein in the place and stead of Dominion Trust Company Limited.

DATED at Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, this 16th day of October, 1912.  
SHORT, WOODS, BIGGAR & COLLISON,  
Solicitors for the Applicant.



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**CORSETS**

have never so perfect corsets for ladies as extremes of style. Each model is designed to preserve the natural point of the figure and give flexibility and freedom—at the same time meeting fashion's requirements. Many models—all sizes—one that just fits YOU.

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It is made of first quality materials by skilled workmen and mechanically perfect machines and carries with it the Eddy guarantee that it's a sure light.

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Mineral Water and Dry Ginger Ale.





## VANITY FAIR

I have no intention of attempting any but the most superficial society notes this week. People seem to have been kept busy entertaining and being entertained, for my own part, though I have been ill, and keeping to my work as closely as I could.

By a slip of the pen last week, I announced Col. and Mr. Belcher's dance was due to take place last, instead of this coming Monday. However, I don't suppose any of those invited noted the error, while, as far as other people were concerned, it didn't matter.

This week the Coming-Out Dance, given by Mrs. H. J. Dawson for her daughter, Jean, will be the event of the week. Two or three "buds" will make their bow to Society on this occasion, so it should be a very interesting dance all around.

On Friday, Mrs. Bryce Saunders is giving a tea, and I think of it, there will be a meeting in the Blue Moon Tea-Room at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, of the Edmonton Women's Press Club. All the members are particularly urged to be present, as the election of officers for the coming year will then take place.

Col. and Mrs. Saunders' house-dance on Friday last, was one of the jolliest dances so far this season.

Everyone seemed there, one looks forward to meeting. The young set, the younger married set, and a few of the host and hostess's old-time friends whose hearts are as young as any of them.

The floor was really splendid, Mr. Turner furnished the liveliest dance music, and Mr. Rogers' extras were, as always, encoored and again encoored.

The house is very well adapted for entertaining, and a table or two enjoyed a game of Bridge up in a cosy room above stairs, while the rest danced, and sat out and chatted. Mrs. Saunders were a very handsome gown to receive in, of pale blue Charmeuse, draped in a stately gown and sequined over-vest. Her jewels were diamonds and emeralds.

Miss Marjorie looked charming in white satin, with a tunic of dewdrop net and some lovely lace, while Miss Beatrice was a slight, graceful, girlish figure in white satin, veiled in dew-drop net and crystal, and a dashing crimson rose, caught at the belt. Among some I noticed present were: Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. and Mrs. Dickins, Miss Lines, Miss Murray, Mrs. Donald Macdonald and her guest, Miss Bradley, Miss Joan Macdonald, Miss Emily Bown, Miss Kate Boucher, Miss Tilly, Miss Sowden, the Misses Barnes, the Misses Harbottle, Miss Marian Ross, the Misses McKenney, Madam and Madame Thibaudan, Mrs. Hislop, the Misses Rudolph, Miss Forin, Miss Eleanor Taylor, Miss Beck, Miss Seymour, Miss Marjory Brown, Miss Pomeroy, Miss Kathleen Murphy, Miss Edmonson, and all the usual dancing crowd of young beauty.

Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoff and their daughter, Mrs. Clark Bowker of London, Ont., arrive this week from the east and will open up their shooting box at York Lodge, Lake Manitoba, where their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, will be entertained on October 16th to 18th.

Mrs. Cherry, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, is a guest of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Belcher.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Belcher have issued invitations, by the way, to the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth Adelaide, to Mr. David Alexander Graham, on Wednesday, October 23rd, at 7:30 in the evening. The ceremony will be performed in the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. McCutcheon, and the reception will be held later at the house, 386 Seventh street. The wedding will be a military one.

Mrs. R. W. Jones gave a pretty girls' tea for next week's bride-to-be, Miss Addie Belcher, on Saturday afternoon, at her cosy new home on Seventh street.

Mrs. Gishelin entertained informally at the tea hour on Tuesday, for Mrs. Holland (Bethworth, Surrey), Mrs. J. O'Neill Hayes' guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Pirie are busy getting settled in their new house on 23rd street.

Miss Fairservice will receive at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for the first time since coming to Edmonton, on Thursday, October 17th, and afterwards on the third Thursday of every month.

Miss Sutherland, of Yamayo, is visiting Mrs. J. D. Harrison.

Madame Lucien Dubuc entertained at the tea hour on Wednesday, in honor of Lady Dubuc.

Mrs. Kenneth McDonald entertained on Thursday afternoon at tea in honor of Mrs. Kittermaster and Miss Garvey (Sarnia).

Miss Anne Merrill entertained at the tea hour on Tuesday afternoon for Miss Addie Belcher.

Mrs. Hislop also entertained for the same popular girl, at the same social hour, on Wednesday last.

Miss Emily Bown will be the hostess of a girls' tea this Saturday afternoon.

I hear that Mrs. Ellwood Moore's Bridge Dance in the Blue Moon on Monday evening was a great success.

The sixteen tables first played Bridge, then had supper, and afterwards dancing. Mrs. Moore was looking remarkably smart and attractive in a lovely French frock of white satin, draped in an overdress of cherry colored tulle, embroidered in brilliant colors. Mrs. Reynolds, who received with her daughter, wore a striking tulle of blue Charmeuse, half-veiled in a heavy Brussels net, with diamond and lovely lace garnitures.

Mrs. Nash won the ladies' first prize, Miss Evelyn Murphy the second, Mr. Howard Douglas the gentleman's first, and Mr. Reg. Cautley the second.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, formerly of Winnipeg, have moved into their new residence on 27th street.

Mrs. Duncan Smith has as her guest, Miss Bessie McKenty of Lacombe, who has been enjoying all the merry parties of the past week.

On Monday Mrs. Smith gave a smart little dinner of six covers in her honor, soft candle-lights and graceful ferns forming a most effective table decoration.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Major Thomas, and Mrs. F. B. Sommerville.

Mrs. Pardee was the hostess of a jolly little dinner-party on Wednesday, her guests all going on to the Dawsons' dance.

I don't know when I have enjoyed an evening more than that spent at the Empire early this week, with the week's bill of the Orpheum Circuit as an attraction.

Not a week offering on the bill, with strong headlines in the one-act operetta, "California." Those wonderful Royal Marionettes, James J. Morton, who convulsed the house, though nobody could properly explain why: a much-shooting Western play, termed "A Call for the Wild," "Nonette" who has both temperament and great ability as a violinist, and the Astaire Twins, and a "Night on Creole Isle," a marvellous contortionist stunt.

## Through the Looking Glass

(Continued from page 1)

to the throwing out of hot ashes, and the habit of many of our citizens to use their yards and lanes as places to dump their rubbish.

Fire waste in the U.S. and Canada entails a yearly loss of about \$2.70 per capita. In Europe it is about 50c per capita, while in the German Empire itself it amounts to but 10c. The difference is that between carelessness and carelessness.

Thanking you for any assistance you may give to make this day a success, I am,

Yours very truly,

GUSTAVE H. MAY

Listen to the story of what one girl accomplished in West Hammond, Illinois, along these, and similar lines.

West Hammond, Illinois, is a manufacturing town on the Indiana line, a few miles from Chicago. Most of its five thousand inhabitants are of foreign birth. Until recently the town was governed by a board of trustees controlled by the local saloon-keepers. The community was a hotbed of political corruption, and therefore of unpunished crime and unrestricted vice of every kind.

A few years ago Virginia Brooks' father died. Upon attaining her majority, the girl became the owner of real estate in West Hammond valued at thirty thousand dollars. The town authorities taxed the property unjustly, as they taxed the property of any one who had no "pull," and one year they assessed it for improvements that they did not make. Mrs. Brooks protested, and when her protests went unheeded, she moved to West Hammond to live.

She found there a self-perpetuating political "ring," powerful and arrogant; but by public addresses and newspaper appeals, she aroused public sentiment against it, and obtained the help of persons of influence in Chicago. After a long, hard fight, she had her friends brought about a change in the form of government; West Hammond became a city. The county and Federal officials assisted in the work of "cleaning up" the place—a work that is still going on with vigor and success.

All this because a young girl, indignant at injustice and shocked at the spectacle of vice and corruption, had the courage to insist on her rights and to fight for better conditions. She has had to face many disagreeable things, among them threats against her life; but nothing has changed her purpose or kept her from the thick of the battle. She has gone with the officers who made arrests, and has taken part in court proceedings.

There are hundreds of cities and towns that need a Virginia Brooks. There is, in fact, no town that does not need such a woman. She may not be needed to rebuke political corruption or to establish a new form of government; her task may be no more than to work for better sanitary conditions or more playgrounds or technical training in the schools; but whatever it is, it requires the qualities that Virginia Brooks has shown: intelligence, public spirit, courage and persistence.

I see by a Toronto dispatch that Dr. Harry Smith of Edmonton, has given \$25,000 towards the funds of the Methodist University in China.

This is a magnificent donation, and no doubt goes to a highly commendable institution, but I wonder did Dr. Smith attend Mr. Vivian's recent lecture in this town, when that fine educationalist referred to the lack of interest displayed by wealthy men in the home city from which they had, most of them, gained so much!

Dr. Smith is one of the citizens of Edmonton who has made his fortune by the advance of real estate values in this city.

He has been one of the most far-sighted investors and speculators we have had among us.

Edmonton has been kind to him.

Dr. Smith is his own man.

I like him, because after making his fortune here, he hasn't pulled stakes, and set out for some other far country—after the fashion of many a man I could name.

But—wish Dr. Smith had turned a half-dollar to China.

Just long enough to have given us, say, a children's playground or two, centrally located.

Just long enough to have given us the French Mission, and other such splendid institutions the lift they need over the hard places.

Just been hard enough, during, until the Day Nursery has the accommodation it needs. "So much to do, so little done," I see in this wonderful city, that I would like to see, begun and started by

## The Hudson's Bay Co.

"THE HOUSE THAT SETS THE PACE"

Beautiful Novelties in  
High Class

## Opera Coats

EXACT REPRODUCTIONS OF THE  
THE BEST PARIS MODELS, MADE  
ESPECIALLY FOR US.



THERE being only one of a kind in this new showing of beautiful wraps, now, when the display is complete, is the most advantageous time for making a selection.

They come in velvets, silk poplins and broadcloths, in black, cream, purple, champagne, mauve, wine and shades of tan, trimmed with real furs and furs.

## PRICES

\$50.00 to \$150.00

SECOND FLOOR

## NEW FALL & WINTER BOOTS — FOR WOMEN —

The new styles in women's boots for fall and winter well illustrate the care and attention we are giving to details of design and shoe making.

Recent frequent increases in the cost of leather and other materials used in making shoes have inspired us to greater efforts to keep up our standard of quality, which means fit, style and wear.

We take pride in displaying the results of our efforts for this season. The complete assortment of styles includes the popular materials—tan Russia calfskin, patent coltskin, dull black calfskin, suede and black kid. We describe below two of our popular models of the season

**WOMEN'S BUTTON STREET BOOT.** In gunmetal calf, has round toe, short vamp with tip, Goodyear welted sole and high leather heel; ten large buttons. This boot has been designed with special care and perfectly fits the arch of the foot.  
Price.....\$5.50

**WOMEN'S BUTTON STREET BOOT.** In tan Russia calf, with short vamp, Goodyear welt sole and high military heel. A model that lends the foot an exceptionally petite appearance. Price.....\$5.50

(SECOND FLOOR)

A Peninsula is a Piece of Land Surrounded by Water

## KENNEDALE

In a place of land surrounded by trackage, KENNEDALE has 2 miles of trackage and this trackage coupled with the sites which we are giving to any legitimate industrial concern, absolutely free in putting KENNEDALE in the very heart of the industries. KENNEDALE adjoins the Swift's plant, the Cabel and Box Factory, The Western Foundry, and Machinery Co., and the Great Northern Tannery. A huge millage concern has an option on 15 acres in KENNEDALE with a view of putting up a plant of considerable magnitude. Another large concern has promised to start operations shortly. The Spokane Ornamental Iron and Wire Works are considering the advisability of starting a large plant adjoining KENNEDALE. Galleries have a site close in and intend building another power plant, and other industries are arranging for FREE SITES. KENNEDALE's location (look it up on a map) and these great industries round it absolutely assure KENNEDALE's future as well built up business district. KENNEDALE is also close to schools, churches, hotels, restaurants, a bank, post office and car line. SECURE YOUR LOTS NOW. The shrewdest men in the city have been quietly snapping up KENNEDALE for some time.

Get In Before it is All Sold. Remember this is Business Property

**Lots \$300 Up.** 1-4 Cash, Bal. 4, 8, 12 and 16 Months

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some of its proper sons, that I feel like crying out to them of the privileges they are missing. China is the other side of the world. KENNEDALE is the here, and the present necessity. The city that has done for us. I don't doubt that Dr. Smith does his share. I hope he does. There are a heap who don't. All I want to say is that I would like to hear of

more W. J. McNamara's in this bustling burg. Not long ago the papers announced that "some friend" had donated a valuable lot on Fifth Street West on the south side, as the site for the newly-founded Unitarian church. That friend, it was disclosed later, was W. J. McNamara. I like to see men of this type getting on here. It's a pity there aren't more like him.